

Chosen Ones

by AnikaandAj

Category: Maximum Ride

Genre: Angst, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Fang, Max

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-15 21:36:08

Updated: 2016-04-15 21:36:08

Packaged: 2016-04-27 17:26:13

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,116

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: "Fang, don't leave," She had begged. "You promised you wouldn't." Except promises don't mean much when you're dead. No amount of sobbing or screaming worked to open his eyes or feel the beat of his heart or see one last smile reserved only for her. That was all gone now. It was all her fault." One shot.

Chosen Ones

Aj: So, I found this one-shot I had written but never posted who knows how long ago. I have no idea what kind of mood I was in, but damn. So here it is, assuming this dumb website actually cooperates and publishes the document. **Unlikely, but whatever. Let me know what you guys think!**

* * *

><p>"I choose you, Fang."</p>

Except it didn't work like that. Not when he was dead.

All those years of running away and rejecting his advances could not be undone by kneeling in the wet grass and wishing he could hear her, or see her, or lapse into silence. His days of flight were gone, as were the hidden smiles he would give Angel as he read to her and the high fives he and Iggy would exchange. And the kisses she had been too afraid to return. Those were gone too.

He was gone.

He had been gone three hours ago, even as she tried screaming his name and pulling his hair out in the pouring rain. He had been gone three hours and four minutes ago when Max had screwed up and by some cruel twist of fate, he had been the one to take the bullet. He was gone now, as her tears mixed with the rain and his blood.

"Fang, don't leave," She had begged. "You promised you wouldn't."

Except promises don't mean much when you're dead. No amount of sobbing or screaming worked to open his eyes or feel the beat of his heart or see one last smile reserved only for her. That was all gone now. It was all her fault.

"I choose you, Max." He had said, even though he really shouldn't have. She was dangerous to love. She wasn't worth it. Because Max was the one supposed to die. She was the savior of the world. It came with the job description.

"Fang, I can't. We can't." Max had said, what seemed like ages ago. He had cornered her against some tree in the middle of nowhere, trying to persuade her into giving in. But she didn't. That was why she pushed him away. That was why Max had run from a kiss she wanted just as much as him.

That was why it was her fault he was dead.

Max's hand shook as she reached out to him, to touch him one last time, though he would never feel it. Her breath became a choking sob as her trembling palm grasped his hand within her own, inwardly begging and pleading with a god she didn't believe in—"please for the love of god"—that his hand would squeeze back. He would return her desperate grasp and open his eyes and he would be okay.

But, just as it hadn't before, his pulse refused to beat. Life refused to transfer. Fang refused to live. The consequences of her actions could never be undone. A mere three hours ago, when Fang was still alive and breathing beside her, she had run away. She had time, she told herself. They had time. There was no need for her to sort her feeling out now. It could wait. They could wait.

Time was a funny thing. You never know how much you're going to get, but you waste the time you've got as if you have forever. Fang would never have the forever he was supposed to, but Max knew she would never forgive herself in the forever she didn't deserve.

Max had stumbled through the forest, fingers pressed against her still swollen lips and heart thumping violently—"thump, thump, thump"—against the inside of her chest. The fear and turmoil racing through her mind had led to her walking through the forest in a haze, not noticing the boy that had decided to come after her, or the eraser that had been waiting for her. He wasn't supposed to follow her. That hadn't been the plan; that wasn't part of the pattern they had succumbed to.

It seemed with every passing moment, Fang—"no, Fang's body"—grew colder. He would only grow colder, Max realized. Never again would she feel the warmth that emanated from him when they sparred, when they argued, or when his lips had been on hers mere hours ago. Had it really been three whole hours? Had she really lasted that long without him in her life? How could she last a lifetime? What was a life without him in it, beside her?

Max was locked in battle with the eraser before she had even recognized an attack. His claws were dangerously close to her neck, getting closer. Max would punch, he would parry. He would lunge for

the kill, she would twist out of the way with a moment to spare. Her back cracked against a nearby tree, stealing all breath from her lungs. Within a moment, the eraser had pulled out a gun.

Max had no breath, Max had no energy, but she could still feel his kiss on her lips. Max didn't have much, but she would make sure time wasn't stolen from her as well. Max heard the familiar click of the safety being turned off as she leaped from her position, her eyes trained on the cold, black, handgun. She twisted, her heart thumping in an entirely different way than it had before, as she fought the eraser for the gun. She would not lose. She could not lose. Her hands found their way onto the gun, struggling for dominance in a disorienting heap untilâ€"

There was a rustle in the trees.

"Max!"

The gun in her hands ricocheted to life, pushing back against her in a violent burst of thunder. Her hands flew to her ears, the booming ringing in her mind until they were interrupted by a desperate gasp that would haunt her nightmares.

The eraser had run off, dropping the gun that had shot Fang. Max let out a choke, as she could not unleash the inhumane shrieks that begged to tear from her throat. Fang was dead before she had reached him, the dark eyes that had held her gaze what seemed like moments ago were now glassy and sightless. Emotionless as he always pretended to be, but never was.

Max moved to shake him, to wake him, but recoiled her hand in horror. Her index finger still burned from the trigger it had sprung.

"I choose you," Max gasped through tears, before the extent of the horror could truly set in.

I just wish you hadn't chosen me.

End
file.